

Hitting a House Boat

By CLAUDE FAMAREZ

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Harold Strong was a New York artist and had painted the portrait of Ruth Bascomb and fallen in love with her. Whether she returned his love or not was the thing he was worrying over. Harry Stevens was a New York sculptor, and he had desired to bring out a marble bust of Miss Bascomb and also had fallen in love with her. As to whether she would consent to be "sculptured" and marry him was a matter that gave him headaches. Both the artist and the sculptor had sisters that were friendly with Ruth Bascomb, and this was the general situation for the playwright to build on.

The present situation was that Ruth Bascomb's mother, who was a fairly wealthy widow, had become possessed of a house boat and had determined to float around Princess bay and up the Shrewsbury river for a month or so. Her guests were to be the artist and his sister and the sculptor and his sister and two or three other persons.

A day was appointed, a tug engaged to tow the house boat down New York bay and leave her at her first anchorage, and all was going merrily when the villain hidden in the thicket showed his hand.

It always has been suspected that he was a villain belonging to the same club as the artist and sculptor. He became aware of the house boat party, and out of pure devilry and from no desire to see the sculptor get ahead of the game he worked his little trick. The day before the boat was to sail he fired up a telegram calling Harold Strong to Philadelphia to see about painting the portrait of a millionaire.

The artist's return was indefinite. He knew that he was leaving a rival behind him, and he knew that the Colonial Dame, as the craft was called, would scarcely have come to anchor in the bay and the moon risen above the waters when that cheeky sculptor would be talking soft nonsense to Ruth Bascomb, but the artistic spirit was strong within him.

He arranged with his sister to intercept if the sculptor tried to take advantage of the occasion. Feeling himself as secure as any man ever can feel where a woman is concerned, he departed on his mission, and the stately Colonial Dame also departed on hers.

Sometimes a millionaire can be found sitting on his front steps and smoking a fairly good cigar and waiting to be interviewed. Again he is as elusive as the midnight mosquito. The one the artist sought was elusive. It took a whole day to run him down, and when he was finally brought to bay his reply was:

"Young man, don't try any of your confidence games on me if you want to keep out of jail. I didn't telegraph you. I want no painting of any sort. I don't like the look of you. If you are honest, then some one has made a fool of you; if you are a confidence man, then try the first corner grocery."

Harold Strong had been bunked. It was only natural that he should believe the game had been played by his rival. He didn't wait to devour even a sandwich before catching a train for New York. For three hours he sat in a chair car and murdered the sculptor. He killed him in seven different ways and was planning the eighth when he arrived at a good sized town in Pennsylvania and was asked by the porter if he wished to stop there. He had got into a car that had been switched off at a junction on to another road while he was doing the murdering act.

It was noon when the artist reached New York. It was 2 o'clock before he began his hunt for some craft to take him down to Princess bay and lay him alongside the house boat. The sculptor had had one moonlight night in which to weave his net of romance around the victim, but he should not have another. The artist tried to charter all sorts of crafts, from an Albany day boat to a sand barge, but the afternoon wore away and night was coming on before he landed at the foot of Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and interviewed Captain Jinks of the Merry Sal.

"Can you charter me to find a house boat in Princess bay tonight?" repeated Captain Jinks as he bent his head to scratch the back of his neck. "Yes, sir, I reckon you can if you've got a twenty dollar bill about you. You've got a schooner right here which is not much to look at compared with some schooners, but if there is anything on land or water that she can't pick up I'd like to see it. That's her great bolt, young man—picking up things. There's gold to be a fog tonight as sure's you live, but if I don't hit that house boat plumb center before midnight then I'll never sing gospel hymns off Cape Hatteras again."

Harold Strong closed with the offer. The crew of the Merry Sal consisted of the captain and a lunkhead of a young man and a boy of ten who had run away from home and was trying a life on the billows. The captain looked upon the artist as a husband pursuing an eloping wife; the lunkhead looked upon him as an idiot for giving up \$20 when the captain would have taken \$10, and the runaway boy figured it out that he was some sort of grafter escaping from the police.

The opinion of the crew did not affect Mr. Strong, however. He helped to cast off the schooner and cant her head the right way and hoist the mainsail, and presently she was careering down the bay and avoiding as many statutes of Liberty, men-of-war and Staten Island docks as she conveniently could. What

she couldn't avoid she crawled over until she struck deep water on the other side. She struck the fog at Fort Hamilton, and then the anxious artist asked:

"Captain, isn't this going to make it difficult for us to find the house boat?"

"Not at all, my son—not at all," was the confident reply. "I told you we should have a fog, but, that it would make no difference. The Merry Sal is a sailer of herself. She's a foilerin' of her own nose. I've told her that I want her to hit a house boat called the Colony Damped, and she'll do it or never look me in the face again."

"The Colonial Dame is the name of the boat," corrected the artist.

"Well, I got near enough to it for the schooner to understand what I wanted. You just enjoy yourself and don't worry. Lord, but I wish you really knew what a nose this craft has got for snuffin' out other boats and things! One night I was comin' around Sandy Hook in such darkness that I couldn't see my hand before my face. I didn't know whether the Hook was five rods or five miles off. I left it all to Sal, and what did she do? Why, she smelled her way along and went ashore so high and dry that I got off without wetting my feet. Show me another craft that can do the trick. No, sir, you needn't worry one least bit. I'll hit that house boat inside of another hour if the wind holds."

Aboard the Colonial Dame all had gone well. She had been towed down to the bay and anchored. The sculptor felt that the game was in his hands and was determined to win. He counted on a moonlight night, rippling waters, wavelets softly tuning against the sides of the boat, poetry, sighs and the soft strains of music floating over the waters from some summer resort where sandwiches sold at 15 cents each. The fog came and blotted out the moonlight. It was too damp to sit on deck, and the artist's sister accompanied them down in the cabin, and his girl did not advance. At 10 o'clock the house boat rocked silently on the waters with all on board fettered. At about that hour also the captain of the Merry Sal was saying to Harold Strong as they walked the quarterdeck together:

"Yes, sir, the Sal has got a nose on her, and there is really no use for me to carry a compass. I've told her to smell out that ere boat of yours, and she's a-doin' it. I'm reckonin' she'll hit it within fifteen minits. Why, I could turn in right now and feel that if that boat of yours is anywhere on Princess bay the Sal would hit her within."

The Sal hit her. Whether she was guided by Providence, the lunkhead of a young man or by her nose may never be known, but as a matter of fact she suddenly crashed into the Colonial Dame and cut her down to the water's edge.

There were shouts and screams and yells of confusion. It seemed for a moment as if all on board the house boat must be drowned, but luck was with them. The tide had gone out and there were only three feet of water under her keel, the crew of the Sal were active on the bows of their craft, and the artist went overboard at the first trash and fished around until he found the right party and then saved her in a sopping, but uninjured state. He also magnanimously extended a saving hand to his rival and to his future mother-in-law, and as he piloted them to the sandy Jersey beach and counted heads to find all present and accounted for he was hailed from the departing schooner with:

"Well, good night, young man. I told you the Sal had a nose on her and would hit this 'ere house boat in the darkest night, and you see I am right—she speaks the truth. Good night all. Take the Merry Sal when you want a schooner with a sneller on her."

The Art of Begging.

The head waiter of a famous New York restaurant said the other day:

"A few nights ago, after having charge of a very large dinner, I started for home. My way led me through West Seventy-second street, where, late as it was, I saw a little girl only a few years old sitting on the lower step of a private stoop, crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. I stopped to ask her what was the matter, and she told me that she had got lost uptown, that she knew where she lived—in Sixteenth street—and that if she only had car fare she could get back there. Being in a hurry, I gave her a quarter and started to pass on."

"The moment the kid got the coin she jumped up and ran away around the corner like lightning. I never before saw any one disappear so quickly. It dawned on me at once that I had been 'dead easy.' Of course she was simply a well trained little actress and had taken the quarter to her father or mother, who was in hiding near by. It's an outrageous shame that a little child should be trained up in that way."—New York Post.

Some Strange Customs.

A very interesting account given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai peninsula in Lord Cromer's report on Egypt and the Sudan. If a man kills another in time of peace the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer the latter or his near relatives have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

THE SLIME ON FISHES.

Common to All Species and Essential to Their Existence.

A fish just taken from the water, if handled is found to be slippery and coated with slime. All fishes, the meanest and the noblest, killifish and shark, eel, salmon and trout, wear this slime. They could not exist without it.

The slime is secreted usually in a continuous series of ducts, with numerous openings arranged in a line extending along the side of the fish. Some fishes have one line on a side, some have five or six. The lines may be plainly visible, and in some cases appear to be a marking on the fish. More often they are not observable at all. Some fishes store this secretion in pores distributed over the whole surface of the body, the larger number, however, in pores in lateral lines. There are also pores for the secretion of mucus, or slime, in the fish's head.

The slime is exuded through the divisions between the scales to the outer part of the body, over which it spreads, forming a sort of outer skin or covering, transparent and having elasticity and tenacity and often considerable body. It would not be remarkable for a fair sized fish, say a fish of two pounds weight, to have a coating of slime a thirty-second of an inch in thickness. Fishes vary greatly in the amount of slime which they secrete. The eel will suggest itself as one that is very slimy.

The fish's slimy coating reduces its friction when in motion and helps to increase its speed. It adds in protecting the scales from injury, being of sufficient substance to serve in some measure as a cushion. The slimy covering makes the fish hard to hold and so enables it the more readily to escape from its enemies. It is sometimes repugnant to other fishes, which are repelled by its odor. It is the slime from the fishes handled that makes the saying "smell fish," as the expression goes.

A most important function of the fish's slimy coating is to protect it from the attacks of fungus, a form of plant life found in all waters, salt and fresh, including the purest. The slime covers the entire exterior surface of the fish, including the fins. Fungus does not attach to the slime, but if the fish were to be injured so that there was upon it some spot uncovered by the slime upon that spot some minute fragment of fungus, so small as to be scarcely more than visible, would be likely to lodge. Once lodged the fungus is reproduced very fast.

Fish sometimes recover from attacks of fungus, but much more often they do not. The fungus displaces the skin, inflammation is set up, and the place attacked becomes practically a sore. With its continued growth the fungus may cover the side of the fish and extend over the gills and finally kill it.

Cats Like Perfumes.

A cat characteristic little recognized even by lovers of the sinuous pets is intense love of perfume. The keenness of scent so perfumy to pussyskins in her hunting avocation makes her quick to detect and recognize the fragrance of natural flowers and toilet preparations, and, unlike the dog, which will detect in a moment the scent affected by master or mistress without evaluating any pleasure save that of associated ideas, the cat really enjoys the sweet itself. Sensitiveness to sweet odors varies in individual felines, and some animals show a decided preference for violet fragrance over that of rose powder, for example; but, generally speaking, the pedigreed Anglins or those having a strain of Persian or Angora are most keenly alive to odors of Araby.—New York Press.

A Will in Three Words.

In the probate division of the London county court Sir Gorell Barnes was asked to admit to probate the will of Frederick Thorne of Amesbury avenue, Streatham, who died leaving property valued at \$4,000. A day or so before he died, counsel stated, Mr. Thorne had a paralytic stroke. He asked for a piece of paper, and they gave an envelope to him. He wrote on the back of it, in the presence of his wife and two of his children, "All to mother, F. T." This was witnessed by Arthur Thorne and Percy Thorne. The will was handed up to his lordship, who remarked that it was probably the shortest one on record. It was duly executed and witnessed and he therefore pronounced for it.

Drunkards in Turkey.

The Turks have a singular manner of regulating drunkenness. If a Turk overtaken with wine falls down in the street and is arrested by the guard he is sentenced to the bastinado. This punishment is repeated as far as the third offense, after which he is regarded as incorrigible and called "imperial drunkard" or "privileged drunkard." If he is then arrested he has only to name himself, mention his lodging, say he is a "privileged drunkard." He is released and sent to sleep upon the hot ashes of the bath.

The Curlew.

Corporal (to soldier)—Why is the blade of the saber curved instead of straight? Private—It is curved in order to give more force to the blow. Corporal—Humbug! The saber is curved so as to fit the scabbard. If it was straight how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?—Fleegende-Blatter.

The Important Change.

Teacher—When water becomes ice, what important change takes place? Pupil—The change in price.

He that speaks of things that do not concern him shall hear of things that will not please him.—Arabian Proverb.

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By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein the Essex County Building and Loan Association is complainant, and you and others are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, answer or answer to the complainant's bill, on or before the third day of September next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

This said bill is filed to foreclose two mortgages upon land in the town of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey, one dated September 16, 1876, given by Patrick Convey and Daisy Convey, his wife, to Daniel M. Lyon and assigned to complainant; the other dated May 15, 1884, given by Mary Convey to complainant.

And you Peter Cogan and you Bridget Cogan Duly are made defendants because you are heirs at law of Mary Convey deceased, and claim some interest in said mortgaged premises, and you Mrs. Peter Cogan are made a defendant because you are the wife of Peter Cogan and claim an inchoate right of dower in said mortgaged premises.

Dated July 3, 1906.
FILSON & FILSON,
Solicitors for Complainant,
22 Clinton Street, Newark, N. J.

ESTATE OF FRANCES A. HARRIS, Deceased.
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE H. HENRIKSEN, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

MARION S. CRAWF.

ESTATE OF ANNIE O. DOWD DECEASED.
Pursuant to the order of GEORGE H. HENRIKSEN, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

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